

"What of it? Don't you know the system on which the crank works?"

"Yes."

"Well, the crank is on the table, ain't it?"

"You derused old waxy, black-headed imp!" roared Teddy, indignantly. "I ain't no burglar!"

"Who said you were? What's that to do with it? The money belongs to your friends, don't it?"

"Dat's de col' fac'," the boy replied.

"Well, then, is it fitting to take what belongs to you?"

"Chilly, you're right. I begs for withdraw dem offensive remarks. You got a great head. They ain't no question but wot de 'crank's yours den it's yours, an' de offender feller's got it, you got a right to make him hand it over. You're da—"

The report of a pistol sounded out loud and clear, and then a shrill cry of "Murder!" and a scampering of feet. Teddy started up from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and glanced quickly around the room for his queer visitor. There was not the sign of a spook anywhere. The fire still burned feebly in the grate. The model Mr. Badger had thrust into his lap was still there. The door was closed just as Old Moggieley had left it, and evidently nothing had been changed since. Teddy distracted his eyes. They seemed to be in one place and his mind in another. "De'y's one f'ine creak," he said. "Eder I seen dat spook er I didn't. EE did, it was a mighty smart spook wot de lumbered legs wot eber I've come across. EE did it, den I ben asleep."

He tried to collect his wandering senses, and then they slowly came back within his control, he re-